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## A Last Glimpse of Oahu

By A. Hume Ford.

Editor Advertiser: My last morning in Honolulu was spent making the eight-mile circuit of the Pauoa trail—and I completed the walk more fully convinced than ever before of the increasing need of a Government Tourist Bureau in Hawaii—not so much for its benefit to the tourist, as for its benefit to the man who lives in Hawaii. No city in the world has such marvelous mountain walks leading from the terminus of its every street, but who knows where they are?

Some time ago I read of the completion of the Pauoa trail and at sunrise one morning set out with Dr. Armitage to make its circuit. We rode to the end of the Emma street car line—which was mistake number one; we should have gotten out and taken the road opposite the Mormon church. Then we clambered up Punchbowl hill, walked by the Van Dine residence, which was mistake number two, for we passed the beginning of the Pauoa trail without knowing that we did so, there being no sign to guide. I am informed by the ladies of the Kiloheana Art League that they organized a little society a year or so ago with the object of placing signs on the Punchbowl and other trails, but that some older established organization that was talking of doing all sorts of things for Honolulu, protested that the ladies were encroaching on their field—result, ladies disorganized their society, other organization did nothing—and that alas seems to be the too frequent thing in Honolulu. I say it from bitter knowledge.

Individual effort, however, is coming to the front, and I believe the reactionary days of a monopoly by the chosen, or appointed few, to do "good works" in Honolulu are drawing to a close.

Whitecomb Riley spoke desparingly of "Organized charity swamped and leed in the name of a cautious conservative Christ."

Riley might have extended his views to other organizations that, in their over zealousness to crush out individual effort and monopolize everything, make men more narrow, less capable and less reliant. I learned in Hawaii that a man put in charge of some special duty, did his part and did it well. Many I know personally are eager to give their time and work for Hawaii without desire of reward, and I mean to work with these men.

In Switzerland every citizen has a duty imposed upon him by the state, it may be that some worthy man is expected to do nothing more for his country than to look after the village pump, but he is expected to perform that duty to the best of his ability, and Switzerland is the best governed country in the world. Every man has an interest and earns his right to criticize.

For a year or more I have been studying my fellow men in Honolulu. I know now what many of them are best fitted to do for Hawaii and I mean to call upon them—regardless as to whether or not the work they set out to complete is that neglected by some other person, or organization, or the Territory itself. The thing is to get it done.

The signs along the glorious Oahu trails for instance. For more than a year I have sought to have the officials and organizations, whose duty it would appear to be, to have such sign posts put at least at the beginning of these trails. The tourist and the citizen still wander about aimlessly seeking trails that should be plainly marked for all. It was my good fortune to be in at the organization of the Oahu walking club, which I believe will yet become the one organization of greatest benefit to the visitor and the man at home—in Oahu—and my good boys at the Outrigger Club have also promised to shoulder signs and plant them along the trails leading out of Honolulu, not only that, but both they and the Walking Club boys offer their services, free of charge, Saturdays and Sundays, to the stranger in town.

As an instance of the value of the outdoor man, I would tell the people of Honolulu that the Oahu Walking Club (an organization without dues) has sent to the Coast for 500 bright shining aluminum tags, that long resist rust, and these will be tied to lantana bushes along the little used trail down from Palolo crater and elsewhere. These flashing in the sun will show the wanderer his path for miles ahead. If there is one man who should be on the Promotion Committee it is Ed. Towse, the man of the Oahu Walking Club. It is a duty that this organization, calling itself a Tourist Information Bureau, owes to the visitor to have one man at least in its makeup to represent the interests of the tourist and visitor. A man

who knows Oahu its highways and byways, as does Ed. Towse. I have watched him for a year and today he is the man to whom I shall send men from the states who really wish to see Oahu. He will put himself out to organize an excursion for the stranger and delight to go with him—his place it would seem is on the Promotion Committee, although that organization announces in the December Paradise of the Pacific—that "The Hawaii Promotion Committee is not a tourist bureau, but simply includes this work as a small part of its endeavor." In this case it can best aid Hawaii by having Towse on its board to lead in securing from the Legislature a Government Tourist Bureau for Hawaii, to take over that work which in New Zealand, and Australia, has proved almost the biggest and most successful thing those progressive countries have ever undertaken; and permit me, as a tourist who has for a decade studied tourists needs in many lands, to nominate Edward Towse as head of such a bureau in Hawaii. There would be something doing, and the work of the Promotion Committee would be aided and augmented many fold. Let everyone get away from the idea that a new organization means less work for Hawaii; it doesn't. A man like Towse to direct, and an office like Trent's (a half of it would make a splendid tourist headquarters) and Trent is a splendid indoor man, would mean that travel in Hawaii would be made easy to all. I know the men and their methods, and place this suggestion before thoughtful people, including Messrs. Trent and Towse, whom these lines may surprise at first reading; but there's common sense behind them. Towse knows the country and Trent understands handling tourists, and as a tourist I claim the right to ask for the men who can be of most use to tourists.

But to return to the trail. We, Armitage and I, missed it; we wandered up Tantalus, struck the James Castle mansion, where I left the doctor sipping ice water on the veranda. (All Castle mansions on Oahu outside of Honolulu are quasi-public resthouses, the name Castle in Hawaii being synonymous with hospitality.) A quarter of a mile above I struck the William Castle mansion, and was directed to the Pauoa trail, which was built for the public by William Castle, as was, I believe, the zigzag up Punchbowl, by his brother George, and the famous Koolau mountain by James Castle.

I made the mistake of going back for the doctor, poor fellow; he was hungry (no one at home at James Castle's) and wanted his breakfast, so we clambered down to the trail and wended our way back. Some distance from the main road we found the big sign Mr. Castle has placed at the beginning of the trail, but it can't be seen from the road. We learned the real turn-off to

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**I WAS AMUSED**

the other day when an Elderly Gentleman backed me up against the corner cigar store and enquired if I was the "OPPORTUNITY" Man. I admitted the soft impeachment and also smiled widely. The E. G. grabbed me by the coat lapel and delivered himself to this effect: "There never was a gold mine. There isn't one today. There never was a cent made in any kind of mining. The only reason a gold mine is called a gold mine is because people are foolish enough to dump their good gold into it. They never get any out. And as often as not there's no mine at all. He knew. He had invested in mining stock once. The thing was a fake, of course. No more mining stock for him. Not in a thousand years."

Now, wouldn't that upper-cut you? Where his Nibs thought the world's present supply of gold came from, gets me. Perhaps he thought it all came from Bishop's Bank. The E. G., nevertheless, is representative of a class of people who swallow the bait of any fly-by-night fakir, or wildcatter who peddles out cheap stock and promises the earth, or at least a thousand dollars for every one put in. His proposition may be the wildest kind of "Wildcat," his roseate statements entirely unsupported, his "mine" a pipe-dream, and he himself belong in jail, but if his stuff is only cheap enough—a cent or two a share—they will buy it. Such people are not investors—they are "suckers" buying experience. But they hurt legitimate mining because ever afterwards they will keep on telling how they "invested" in mining and lost their money.

With regard to the Elderly Gentleman I steered him along to my Office, showed him ore specimens, photos, charts, maps, Government Reports, and statements of Honolulu people who have visited the "MAYFLOWER." He revised his conviction about gold mining to the extent that there was, at least, one gold mine, and that we owned it. Before he flew, he broke in for 1000 Shares. Other mining stocks and other Mayflowers can be bought at less prices, but our Mayflower is the Mayflower Quartz & Channel Mining Co. and the price is 25 Cents a Share. Drive a tack in that fact.

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